



ONCE WAS ENOUGH FOR HIM.
"Come on next Sunday and hear Dr. Thrifty preach."
"No, thanks. I heard him once, he married me."



DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.
Mr. Souder—They say that the pressure at the bottom of the ocean is tremendous.
Miss Wilkins—Yes, and it all goes to waste, too.



THOSE CIRCUS PORTERS.
Mr. Ironberry—There, I know it—hic—art—em again.



A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.
Sister—You ought to be always turning over a new leaf.
Brother—Well, one good turn deserves another, you know.



CANE-INE.
Russell—I'm going to cut a dogwood cane.
Head—Are you going to take the bark off?



WEIGHING MATTERS.
Old Gotrox—I love you, Miss Mabel. I could die for you.
Miss Mabel—How soon?



A SEVERE SHOCK.
"I heard the tramp you was here yesterday died."
"How did he come ter die?"
"Why he fell in a tub o' water, an' de shock killed 'im."



A CINCIL.
"They offered a Bible at our church last year to the most regular attendant."
"Who got the Bible?"
"The sexton."



THE AGE OF PROGRESS.
Tramp—I'm awful hungry an' ain't et nothin' fer a week, can't ye gib me sump-in' fer eat, Professor?
Prof. X-Ray Improvement—You're the very man I'm looking for. Come in and I'll photograph a full meal on your epiglottis.



THEATRICAL.
Mudge—Those three basses who sing a trio in the new opera are making a great success.
Fudge—Oes, a three-bass hit so to speak.



BOUYCLING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.
Cannibal Chief—The soup tastes scorried.
Chef—Yes, your Royal highness, the biscuit was scorried when we caught him.



1—This was Fido's regular act, and—



2—It was not strange that when he saw this advertising scheme—



3—he naturally thought it was his cue to perform, which—



4—he did with rather startling results.
AN UNEXPECTED ENDING.



1—"Brodern, keep outen temptashun. Keep outen yo' neighbo's chicken coops. Don't steal, nohow, 's' it am writ, be sho' yo' sin will—



2—line yo out.



3—And de man what stole dat chicken an put it unda my hat, am now found out."